

APRIL 16, 1926

The AMERICAN LEGION Weekly



"Now if ya move over a little more toward the wall, Cuthbert, I think I can get ya nice"

JELL-O

The airtight moisture-proof package ~~~~ an exclusive JELL-O feature ~~~ retains the quality and freshness of the pure fruit flavor indefinitely. ~ Thus you are always sure of a perfect dessert.



HAYDEN HAYDEN

America's most famous dessert

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The AMERICAN LEGION Weekly



How would your post like to have a machine gun? It can get one without charge if it is willing to pay \$7.50, to cover the cost of boxing and handling, and pay also the freight charges from Newark, New Jersey, to your town. Russell's Army and Navy Goods Store of 245 West 42nd Street, New York City, says it will give away 300 U. S. Army Colt Machine Guns, the same as used overseas, on the terms mentioned. It is abandoning a warehouse and it wants to get rid of the guns in a hurry. It says the gun is worth as old metal much as the cost of boxing and handling, and originally the guns cost Uncle Sam \$280 apiece. The guns can't be fired, because the barrels have been fused to make them unserviceable. Otherwise they are complete, including the tripod. No gun will be sent to an individual. On receipt of a letter on post stationery, signed by a post commander and accompanied by remittance of \$7.50, Russell's will ship a gun, freight collect. A word of caution about that freight item. Before sending for a gun a post ought to find out what the freight charges would be.

* * *

EARL HALL passes along some red hot news on the success of Clausen-Worden Post of Mason City, Iowa, in giving old time dances. "The dances are bringing into the post treasury an average of \$150 a week the year round," Mr. Hall writes. "Any post could do as we have done. Think of the community projects that could be put over with the money made from the dances. Here we have established a community golf course, maintained six skating rinks for children, built a Boy Scout cabin, contributed liberally to the Community Chest and have, besides, bought \$2,000 worth of gilt edged bonds—all because of our old time dances." Mr. Hall has written an article telling how his post does it. If space permits, it will appear in a forthcoming issue of the Weekly.

* * *

ON THIS page in the issue for March 26th, in a paragraph explaining the official embarkation chart for the 1927 France convention of the Legion, the statement was made: "New York can be reached more quickly and conveniently

from Oklahoma than can either of the Texas ports, strange as the fact may seem." This statement was not only strange, but absolutely untrue. It is true, however, that New York has been selected as embarkation port for Oklahoma, but the selection was made because port facilities and ships available seem to make New York the logical port for the bulk of the embarkation, not because New York is more accessible than the southern ports. Have you started saving yet?

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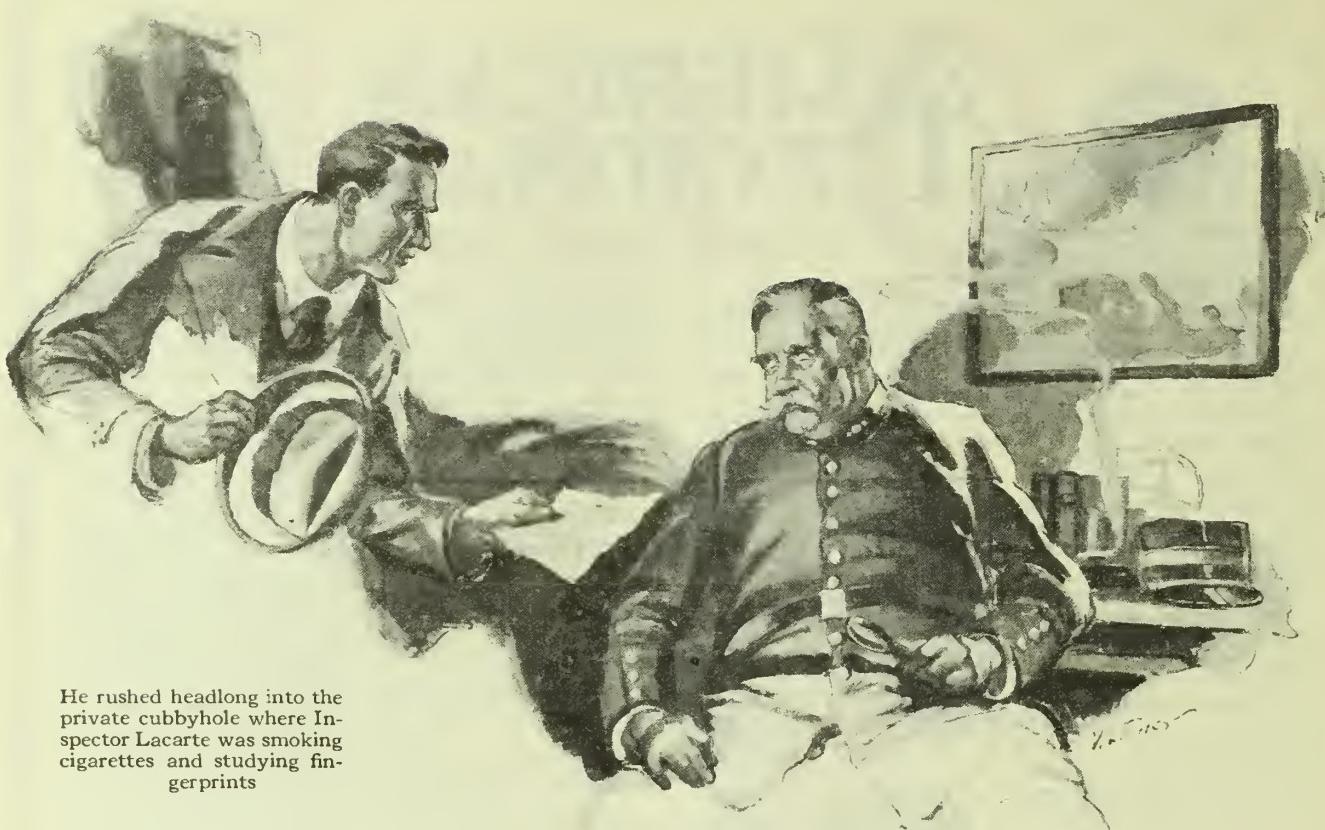
ALL the newsboys in Boise, Idaho, seemed to have grown up overnight. Citizens, on their way to work, wondered what it was all about when they found six-foot newsies handing out papers on the corners. They wondered more when they got back no change, whether they slipped a dime or a dollar to the paper seller. The paper sellers were members of John Regan Post of the Legion, taking the newsboys' places for a day, as a preliminary to the post's annual banquet for the boys held in the evening.

* * *

THE article in the issue of March 12th analyzing extreme pacifism's new drive against military training in colleges and universities, is admirably supplemented by a pamphlet, "Why Compulsory Military Training," published under the direction of the Franklin County Reserve Officers Association, Norton Field, Columbus, Ohio, which will supply a copy for ten cents in stamps.

* * *

ROY ANDERSON Post of Yankton, South Dakota, proved the navigability of the Missouri River by cruising from Yankton on its own ship to attend the Omaha National Convention. Now, if Uncle Sam will only give the word, Roy Anderson Post will bring up that self-same river the frigate Constitution, "Old Ironsides," and give her a permanent home in Yankton. The post has petitioned Congress to make Yankton the Constitution's permanent station, citing the fact that the old ship is now "a pauper and public charge," supported by the school children's dimes and kept at out-of-the-way moorings along the eastern seaboard. "Yankton," the post petition says, "is more nearly the Nation's geographical center and is on the highways to and from our great playgrounds."



He rushed headlong into the private cubbyhole where Inspector Lacarte was smoking cigarettes and studying fingerprints

DAN LARK yawned and threw down the newspaper. He had just read his own name in the first column left of the leading Paris morning daily. And after it the word "murderer."

Unfortunate, that word. Lark picked up the sheet and read it again. The police were searching for him, eh? Well, that was old stuff to Dan Lark, ex-Major Lark of the American Army. The police always wanted him. But not usually were they wanting him for murder.

Too bad he had killed that servant in the castle up the River Loire. He yawned again and from an inside pocket drew a time card. A train left for the south at ten . . . he'd disappear for a little while.

* * * * *

Christopher Dean, the American operator attached to the Paris Bureau de Police, (former Sergeant Dean of the D. C. I.) waited impatiently for Dan Lark's return. Lark would return, perhaps not to Paris, but to the broad field of European crime, Dean was sure of that. And he would return with a cunning scheme which would include no murder if he could help it. Not that Lark had any womanish abhorrence for killing. He had killed before when he considered it necessary. But other forms of crime offered higher rewards and less vehement pursuit by the police of Paris and other cities. Who would be so stupid as not to know that?

Dean stared at the map, there on the wall in the office of Police Inspector Lacarte, on the top floor of the Palais de Justice. He ran his finger

FRAUD

By KARL W. DETZER

Illustrated by V. E. Pyles

around the coast and across the green center of Europe.

Le Havre, Brest, Bordeaux, Marseilles, Naples, Bucharest, Vienna, Dresden, London . . . somewhere Dan Lark was stretching his long legs and scheming a new crime; somewhere, with the Hollander, Proot, and that rascal British ex-officer, Vincent Crewe, he was laying his plans for a new excursion beyond the law.

But Christopher Dean, as he frowned at the map, neglected even to notice Perigueux, that strange, ancient town on the river Isle, eighty miles east of Bordeaux. Why should that old place interest him? During the war it had been headquarters for American railway engineers; nothing more exciting than a railroad strike and the discovery of a new lot of relics under the old Roman arena had happened there since the armistice.

His finger slid down the map . . . Lyons . . . yes, Lark might be in Lyons, Monte Carlo . . . well, hardly . . . Nimes . . . perhaps even Barcelona . . .

* * * * *

The ancient city of Perigueux lies snugly in the hills, a place of mysterious memories, of quiet streets and

silent little public squares. Here Julius Caesar destroyed a town and built a city two thousand years ago. As you pass now to the left of the Cathedral of St. Front, and down a new, clean, wide boulevard, you come to the white stone steps of the museum. And in the third door to the right on the main floor, directly between two long windows, stands a glass case, always well dusted, on a pedestal of black marble, a beautiful setting for the artistic things frequently displayed in it.

In the case, on this first day of August, 1920, rested a golden necklace of exquisite, antique artisanship, and set off with four small rubies and one opal. A page in the guide book described it as "Caesar's chain," explaining that it had been discovered in 1913 in a long-lost crypt under the arena, that it had been identified positively as having belonged to the Caesars, both by its design and by certain marks of ownership engraved upon it. It was the show piece of the museum, of immense value, and carefully guarded.

At eleven o'clock on the morning of August first, a small, stoop-shouldered, slab-cheeked American, whose dark, heavy eye-brows met above a large pair of pincer glasses, was peering hungrily through the case.

Obviously, the stranger was a collector of antiques, one of those fellows who are never happy unless they are on the trail of some object of art that will startle other collectors because it was unearthed so easily.

The guide, in stuttering English, was explaining.

"Yes, yes . . . I understand," the American waved a long-fingered, nar-

row hand nervously, and cut him short. "I know all about it. I've made a study of Caesarian relics . . ."

Here he drew a card from his pocketbook and handed it across to the guide.

SAMUEL FLINT

ANTIQUES

Fifth Avenue New York City

"If you have such interest," the guide suggested, "I call the curator."

"Splendid!" Samuel Flint replied.

The guide stepped to the door. A second man entered just as the other disappeared, short, heavy with the look of a beer drinker and a deep sleeper.

"Oh! So you came!" he exclaimed when he recognized Flint.

His accent was guttural, that of a Low Countryman, the German of the lower Rhine, or even Flemish.

"And I came too," the newcomer continued. "I found the man we were hunting at Mussidan, after you left.

He has the relics, the ones I told you about. And there's a necklace . . . I swear it . . . might be the brother to this one. Genuine. No doubt. Examined it . . . all the markings . . . absolutely!"

Samuel Flint opened his eyes wide. "And the stones?" he wanted to know.

"The stones are gone. Looted. But the necklace is the same. It would be hard to distinguish them."

"I want to see it," Flint said decisively.

"I'll bring it to you."

Samuel Flint looked absentmindedly at the jewel piece in front of him. Lucky if he could get hold of one just like this; lucky and not to be expected, not by a long sight. Two weeks before he had heard of the new discoveries near Mussidan, twenty kilos west of Perigueux. An Englishman, he had been told by a stranger at his hotel, had unearthed a treasure under an old

Roman wall. The fellow was working secretly, so the stranger said.

And at Mussidan, Flint ran into this German. Hauser, he called himself, and strangely enough he hunted the same English explorer. Flint hadn't found him, worse luck. But Hauser had.

"The fellow needs money to continue his digging," the German was saying. "He's bringing some of his things this afternoon to the Hotel Perigord . . ."

Samuel Flint could not conceal his excitement.

"I must see him," he stuttered, "I'm commissioned to buy certain things . . ."

The German slapped a huge red hand on his shoulder.

"I'll see what I can do," he promised.

Samuel Flint finished his dinner on the terrace in front of the Grand Café, smoked two cigarettes and looked at his watch. Talk about luck! Hauser had called on him again at five o'clock. He would bring the Englishman at eight to Flint's room. And the chain.

The American had been searching Europe for just such a jewel. Too bad its stones were gone. But he could substitute new rubies . . . worse trickery is resorted to in the antique trade. Travelers' checks in his pocket would cover the purchase at any reasonable price.

He lighted his third cigarette and strolled back to the hotel.

Two hours later he was signing the checks. One hundred thousand francs. The English archeologist, a surly fellow with a whisky and soda nose, accepted the money, pocketed it, and left the golden chain on the table. Flint lifted it again. Heavy! The real thing! As like that one in the museum as two sifted French peas. For the twentieth time he drew from his pocket a small glass and studied the antique engraving.

Here was a find! One hundred thousand francs . . . cheap, dirt cheap! He could get double or even triple that amount the first day home. The beauty of the piece entranced him . . . it would be hard to part with it . . . but business is business. He placed the chain in a leather packet, hung it to a string around his neck, buttoned his shirt and hurried down to the hotel office.

"The train to Paris?" the clerk asked. "Yes, monsieur, at eleven. The Bordeaux-Paris express. Shall I send for your bags?"

With the Roman chain, minus its jewels, in the bag above his heart, Samuel Flint boarded a first class car, found a section unoccupied, piled his luggage in the rack overhead, and slouched into a seat.

He began to wonder what Ziegler, his partner, would say, as the train rumbled out of the sheds and started north. Ziegler had called it a wild goose chase, this jaunt up to Mussidan. He'd laugh differently now. Already Flint had wired him and the telegram was a shout of triumph.

He dozed lightly once the train was under way, awakening with a start
(Continued on page 17)

He had just read his own name in the first column of the leading Paris morning daily. And after it the word "murderer!"





An American President of FIDAC, Thomas W. Miller, of Delaware, placing a wreath upon the tomb of Italy's Unknown Soldier in Rome at the time of FIDAC'S 1925 Congress

IT HAS been my lot to follow with more than average attention the progress of World War veterans' affairs, and in the course of more than seven years' experience no picture stands more vividly before me than an incident which happened at New Orleans in 1922.

"Gentlemen, I am not old, yet I have been in four wars. My father, who was killed in the last war, had been in seven."

The speaker was a young Serbian, a delegate to the International Congress of the FIDAC, which was held in New Orleans in connection with the Fourth National Convention of The American Legion. The conference was discussing a program for world peace. Nine nationalities were represented at the conference table. The inevitable difficulties, which have brought failure on international peace efforts from time immemorial, were present. It seemed as though they would again interpose themselves sufficiently to defeat an effort to construct a workable platform. Then the young Serbian with his simple, impressive words brought home to the gathering the prevalence of war in the Balkan peninsula. The delegates looked about them. One of their number was blind. One sat in a wheel chair. He had no legs. A third was blind. One spoke in a whisper. His voice was gone—gas. One extended

his left hand in the grip of fellowship

—his right arm was gone.

That body of men knew the world needed peace. They took a fresh grip on the situation and promulgated a program which, among other things, pledges the organized veterans of the World War to "oppose territorial aggrandizement," to work for the establishment of a World Court to outlaw war, and "to proceed as rapidly as conditions permit and when the decrees of such court become operative entirely to disarm and disband our land, sea and air forces and destroy the implements of warfare."

Such is the peace program of The American Legion and of the other veterans' organizations of nine nations which are now represented in the Fed-

ération Interalliée des Anciens Combattants. And such is the future of organized veterandom in the theatre of international affairs.

The world has progressed unmistakably toward peace since 1922, but the work is far from complete. It is in the perfection of this work that this union of five million men, who have had a personal acquaintance with war, can best serve mankind and reap for the world the greatest benefits of their service as soldiers. That is the first great advantage possessed by the FIDAC in dealing

with the world peace problem. It is equipped to approach the question by practical means. The reverse has been true of so many peace efforts—a fact which goes a long way toward explaining the universal failure of such efforts to date. The impractical pacifist is still abroad—here and elsewhere. His motives are usually pure, but his means are unwise. He antagonizes where he should compose. His most conspicuous fallacy centers about the matter of disarmament. He would have his own country disarm regardless of what other nations do—"to set an example." Unfortunately, human nature being what it is, that means of procedure will not work out. America should be the first to appreciate that

(Continued on page 15)

What FIDAC Is Doing for World Peace

By LEMUEL BOLLES

Vice President, Federation Interalliee
Des Anciens Combattants

THE United States National Bank of Portland, Oregon, reared its stately bulk against a starlit sky. The upper windows were dark. On the street floor there glimmered the watchman's tiny light, and the night-lights that burned always in front of the great fire-and burglar-proof safe.

Up and down the street outside, Portlandites went about their business.

No one noticed that occasionally an overcoated man separated himself from the others and slipped silently into the big bank building. Singly, then in twos and threes, men, young men, passed through the huge doors into the lobby.

"Hello," said one to a friend, "What are you doing here?"

The friend held out a paper which said something to the effect that "the curfew shall not ring tonight. Be at the U. S. National Bank at eight o'clock if you wish to live happily."

The address of the man printed in red leaped ominously out of the other printed matter.

"How come this meeting?" asked another.

The replies were several. Nobody quite knew. Everybody waited. Man after man eased into the lobby until more than five hundred had gathered. Men who milled up and down, greeted friends, smoked cigarettes and pleaded with somebody to tell them what it was all about.

"All you men who have automobiles come this way," shouted a man who appeared to have authority. There followed a shuffling and scores of men gathered in one end of the lobby.

While this rather confusing distribution was occurring a dark-clothed man whose round collar identified him as a clergyman started to sing. Pretty soon the dignified old bank building resounded to the war songs "Over There" and "The Long, Long Trail."

Still no one knew quite what it was all about. Then suddenly somebody whispered "There's the mayor."

Mayor George L. Baker of Portland climbed to a prominent place overlooking the 500 men and proceeded to tell them what Portland thought

about The American Legion. It needed no mind reader to deduce the fact that Portland thought The American Legion one of the greatest forces for good in America today. Portlandites thought every veteran should belong to The American Legion since collective effort for good increases in direct proportion to the increased membership.

Then the gallant 500 espied their post commander, Joseph O. Freck, the membership campaign chairman, F. Clarence Dahlquist, and the solicitation chairman, Harry Dorman. After seeing them, the 500 knew beyond doubt that the mysterious meeting they had been called to attend was the climax, the grand conclusion of the

membership campaign Portland Post had been conducting for the past fortnight.

That is precisely what the famous Portland "mystery meeting" was. A

membership stunt, a grand climax to the membership drive which Portland Post had been conducting for two weeks in order to win the honor of being the biggest American Legion post in the world.

Portland Post now contends it is the biggest in the world, with a question mark after the slogan. Omaha Post with its huge telephone pole will probably answer that challenge after a fashion peculiar to itself at Philadelphia this fall.

This article concerns itself with the unique membership and stunt campaign whereby Portland Post boosted its membership from 612 to 1,610, of whom 998 were obtained in one week. As the post signed up 1,585 members in 1925, its '26 effort represents a real step forward toward its goal of 2,500, which is definitely on the road towards its prospective achievement of 8,000.

Well, to get back to the mystery meeting in the lobby of the U. S. National Bank. The mysterious invitation to attend the meeting went to 2,500 past and present members of the post. BUT the invitation said nothing about the purpose of the gathering and was couched in vague, interest-stimulating phrases.

After the men with automobiles had been herded into one end of the lobby, others sans autos were assigned to them. Membership cards were passed out, the post commander exhorted the men as shock troops and told them to go out and do their stuff.

This, mind you, was at 8:30 o'clock. By 10:30 Leland S. Gilbert, post executive secretary, had listed 275 new members. By midnight, eighty-five more. As an original stunt the "mystery meeting" produced the goods.

Jerry Owen, editor of the *Pacific Legion*, and publicity chairman of the drive, knocked off thirty-two new members himself, and Commander Freck demonstrated his leadership by personally signing up the first five.

In these articles about post membership publicity activities, you will note the consistent use of prominent townspeople in support.

For instance, in Portland, Frank L. McGuire (not a Legionnaire) offered a \$100 cash prize for the individual bringing in the most members (not yet awarded) and pledged payment to the post of the dues of twenty of his employees.

After getting the new members, Portland (*Continued on page 20*)

The Plot Was Thick and It Got Thicker

By FREDERICK C. PAINTON



Commander Freck, Portland (Oregon) Post, nailing prospect Edward Craven, proves personal solicitation is the basis of member-getting even in a new-fangled campaign

The Post That Beat Death to the Crossroads

Brigham City, Utah, Legionnaires pause a moment during their self-imposed job of taming a potentially deadly curve. This gang did the pick and shovel work, mixed and poured the concrete for the job



By A.V. LEVERING

EVERYBODY knew it was dangerous. But nobody did anything about it. And then the Legion post got on the job.

Sounds almost like a formula that could be applied to what has happened in every community where there is a post, doesn't it? For there is hardly a city, town or village where the Legion has not done something of the sort.

Just outside Brigham City, Utah, a paved road makes a square turn from north to west. Unless a driver wanted to slow down to about a five-mile pace, he had to drive his car off the pavement in making this turn.

"What one need has this community that the post can fill?" asked Post Commander Ernest Freeman at one meeting.

"That bad turn out on Sixth North," chorused half a dozen Legionnaires.

So the post officially decided that it would take steps to have the bad turn bettered. And investigation disclosed a number of significant facts.

In the first place, the city officials apparently did not have the requisite authority to send out a working gang to mix, pour and finish the additional concrete which would be required to make the curve safe. Yet they wanted it made safe—preferably before the inevitable serious accident should take place there. For there wasn't any doubt about it, some day there was due to be an accident involving one or two or three cars. And when the accident would show up nobody knew. It was a sure bet, though, that it would require the services of an ambulance and a wrecker to clear up the mess.

The city officials could supply the cement, sand and gravel required to make a safe curve. And nobody could

object to lending the Legion men a city mixer. So it soon resolved into a question of whether the post could furnish the work involved in laying the concrete.

It figured out to be 225 square feet of concrete needed, eight and one-half cubic yards. That wouldn't be much of a job for one of the big road-building machines. But anybody who has ever put in a yard or so of concrete for, say, a garage floor knows that eight and one-half yards is a nice little task even for a good-sized gang of workmen.

Commander Freeman sent out a call for volunteers to show up at a given time. Two trucks were lent to the post by members. These were used to haul the mixer, the gravel, sand and cement to the scene of action.

At 5 p. m. of a day in May the workmen—all Legionnaires—began arriving at the job. They got busy, staked out the job, and began to swing their shovels and picks. Dirt began to fly.

Meanwhile City Electrician William R. Mehner, a member of the post, was busy hooking onto the power line which ran overhead. He put up a large light right over the job. And then he ran a power line down to operate the mixer.

By dark more than fifteen volunteer workmen had reported to the boss, Commander Freeman. And they kept coming, until there were thirty or so by the time the last man had shown up. By midnight, the job was finished. The forms had been built, the concrete mixed and poured, the surface finished. And the workmen paused,

then, to have a flashlight picture taken of as tired a gang of Legionnaires as has ever been seen during anything short of emergency service.

Today an automobile going out Sixth North from Brigham City does not have to slow down or take a chance on slipping in the mud or the snow. The driver swings his car around a good smooth curve, an easy curve, on the banked concrete that the members of Brigham Post laid.

The men of Brigham Post did the work because they wanted it done, and they saw this was the one way to get results quickly. There was no thought of accomplishing anything more than getting the corner in safe condition for the summer flood of tourists which pours through Utah to have a look at the mountains, and for the regular traffic which in winter was endangered day in and day out by the slippery surface under the wheels just where a firm footing is most needed.

But to their surprise they found a wholly unlooked-for result. For the people of Brigham City arose to shout the praises of a group of citizens who, with no obligation on them, had seen fit to go out after their own busy day of work, and labor until midnight to do a job for the safety of the whole public. The city officials went out of their way to commend the post members. The newspapers carried stories on the public spirited post which put public safety ahead of all else.

So, as an unexpected by-product, Brigham Post found itself possessed of public esteem and popularity beyond even what it had had before. And the post stands out in its department as contributing notably in all activities for the good of the community.

A PERSONAL PAGE

by Frederick Palmer

"He got away with it!" That is the most wicked and destructive of phrases in its lure to the young. One who does not get away with it is unlucky, stupid, caught in the act. One who does get away with it is lucky, clever, dashing, a master bluffer.

Wicked and Destructive Getting away with it excuses the boy or girl who lies to parents, cheats at examinations or plays foul in games or in any other way; excuses bandits and criminals and the theft of anything from a pocket knife to a gold mine. It makes slackers, who were of fighting age in 1917-'18, think they were smart in escaping service. It has come to signify not honest effort in the open, keeping the rules, but gaining an end by four flushing and crookedness, which at times have the justification of a false success.

A part of the stimulus of youth to crime and outlawry is the public attitude toward the police. Too often in

A Word for the Cops stories, on the stage and in the movies, the policeman, or detective, is pictured as an ass. Too often sympathy is excited for the man or woman who tricks the police in anything from traffic regulations to serious crime. The lesson to weak minds is how to beat the game, beat the law, beat the police, "get away with it."

Why not more honor and praise for the cop, for the man of service, often an ex-soldier, who, on his patient rounds, under discipline, protects life and property and hunts down criminals? Often he gives his own life fighting gunmen as bravely as if he were on the battlefield.

Praise is owed to the New York police who have taken that arch bandit, young Whittemore, leader of the gang which is reputed to have taken a total of a million dollars in their robberies; and praise for the cleverness which brought from him and his confederate Paladino confessions of how all the "stick-ups" were made. The cops are human. They like to have their work appreciated.

I like this. I cannot imagine how anybody can help liking it. **The Gas Mask** of the Cresca (Iowa) Legion, reports how a merchant of the town was heard talking not just about "the" Legion but about what "our" Legion was doing for "our" town. It was "ours" just as much as the schools or any other public institution. "Our" Army and Navy in 1917-'18; "ours" the men still carrying on; "ours" in the pride of the citizens and in community achievement.

Many ex-service men are in the Forest Service. But for a reminder from one I might have forgotten American **Fighting the Scarlet Enemy** Forest Week. Its purpose is to warn us again to put out that campfire, to see that the cigarette has no spark left, and the match is out and broken in two, before being thrown away. Else you may give the scarlet enemy flaming, roaring spread over vast areas. Those live trees, which have taken many years to grow to make lumber for our service, may become charred waste as the result of one little act of carelessness. And do not forget, when you think of a summer holiday, that our great forest reserves, which belong to us all in common,

may be free camp sites, or sites for summer homes for a nominal charge. Much cheaper than summer hotels and boarding houses, and fresh air guaranteed.

Not as a successor to her husband—he is a college professor who does not run for office—Mrs. Bertha Knight Landes, after serving on the City **Mothering the Largest Family** Council, has been elected Mayor of Seattle. She is the first woman mayor of a big city, and a very live, growing, insistent city at that. She is a big, sturdy woman who looks as if she ate three square meals a day.

Her idea is that she has just a big job of housekeeping on hand. It is seeing that the children's faces are washed and they go to good schools, keeping the big municipal house orderly and tidy, taking a mending stitch in time to save nine, keeping up to date on the latest saving machinery, choosing the best vacuum cleaner, stirring up the hired help to earn their pay, and getting the best bargains in the market for municipal supplies. Her husband will go on with his own work. There will be no connubial interference with her housekeeping. It is all up to her. May Seattle find the new cook's biscuits light, her steaks tender and monthly bills low. May she set an example in city housekeeping that will be emulated by other cities.

It is good that the country has such a man; and it is good to read the tributes to him on his eighty-fifth birthday. If there were to be an Honorary Member of the Legion, which there **America's Grand Old Man** cannot be, I should propose him, thinking of his services since the Civil War and thinking back to that day in the Civil War when his father, Dr. Oliver Wendell Holmes, went to the front looking for that wounded son who is now one of the justices of the United States Supreme Court.

When father saw son on a train of wounded he called, "How are you, boy?" and Oliver, Jr., answered, "How are you, dad?" Just that—but what a lot it said!

His wound in the breast at Ball's Bluff, in the neck at Antietam, in the foot at Fredericksburg!—perhaps these and the fellowship of sharing wormy hardtack, danger and the wet earth for a bed had a part in giving his interpretation of the law its humanity, in making him see the law as something higher than dry rigid statutes, in making him the legal sage who was ahead of his time and now has the following of the young men of his profession.

"It is a great pleasure to be an old warrior," he has said, "that the young soldiers still give me a place in their councils."

Could eighty-five say anything better?

The professional league and college nines, getting into the swing of the season, need no aid. It flows into the ticket office. Have our boys a place to play and bats, gloves, masks and balls? It is the business of mothers as well as fathers to see that they have. Boys at baseball are not in mischief, which leads to future bad habits, but expanding their young muscles as they play the game for the game's sake.

EDITORIAL

FOR God and country, we associate ourselves together for the following purposes: To uphold and defend the Constitution of the United States of America; to maintain law and order; to foster and perpetuate a one hundred percent Americanism; to preserve the memories and incidents of our association in the Great War; to inculcate a sense of individual obligation to the community, state and nation; to combat the autocracy of both the classes and the masses; to make right the master of might; to promote peace and good will on earth; to safeguard and transmit to posterity the principles of justice, freedom and democracy; to consecrate and sanctify our comradeship by our devotion to mutual helpfulness.—Preamble to Constitution of The American Legion.

Tell Your Congressman and Senators

CONGRESS is talking about going home. It is now marking time, waiting and hoping for adjournment.

There is a real danger that Congress may pack up and go home without heeding the urgent necessities of thousands of disabled service men and their dependents—necessities which can only be relieved by the enactment of legislation now pending.

Taxes have just been cut \$387,000,000. Legislative leaders, juggling the glass ball of economy with one hand, are holding in the other hand an axe—an axe to chop from pending legislation any measure carrying an appropriation.

The average Senator and the average Representative do not want economy practiced at the expense of service men sick in hospitals and the widows and bereaved fathers and mothers of men killed in the war.

But legislative leaders are talking about economy and thinking about votes. So all appropriation bills look alike to them.

The impression has gone out that legislative leaders intend to keep from the floor of Congress the three bills which embody recommendations made by The American Legion's national convention in Omaha last October. These bills are to be kept from a vote. There is to be delay and more delay until Congress finally adjourns. Then the excuse will be made that Congress "didn't have time to attend to the service man's needs." And there will be promises—promises that the bills will be acted upon at the short session of Congress next winter.

This transparent stalling fools nobody. It is time that justice and fair play be given a chance against expediency. Expediency, with its catchword, "economy," looks forward to an election next November in which thirty-three Senators and the entire House of Representatives will be before the voters. Expediency suggests postponement of action on the three service men's bills until after that election. The short session of Congress, which runs for three months next winter, is a "lame duck" Congress.

One measure is the Johnson Bill. It embodies forty-two of the Legion's recommendations for the relief of disabled men. Among other provisions it would give to service men classified as arrested cases of tuberculosis compensation of \$35 a month for a period of five years after discharge from hospital. The highest medical authorities on tuberculosis urge the prompt adoption of this provision on the grounds of simple humanity.

There is the Green Bill, embodying fifteen amendments to the Adjusted Compensation Act. It would help principally the dependents of men who died in service and would eliminate the embarrassment and red tape which now attend efforts of widowed mothers to obtain the compensation of deceased sons. It would also establish a presumption of dependency for bereaved parents more than sixty years of age.

The third bill is the Fitzgerald Bill, which would give disabled emergency Army officers the same retirement rights as are possessed by the eight other classes of officers of the Army, Navy and Marine Corps who served in the World War.

There is ample time for the enactment of these three bills. All three have been favorably reported by the committees which considered them. They have not met with

any open opposition. In the House, Speaker Longworth of Ohio, Majority Leader Tilson of Connecticut and Chairman Snell of the Rules Committee hold the keys. If they decide to favor the progress of the bills, the bills can not be seriously delayed through parliamentary procedure. And there isn't any doubt they would be passed if they were voted on.

Every Senator and Representative should know how Legionnaires feel about these three bills. The National Legislative Committee and the National Rehabilitation Committee, carrying out the wishes of the Omaha National Convention, have done their work well. They now urge department and post officials to write to their Senators and Representatives calling attention to the situation that has arisen and protesting against procrastination and delay. Leaders will not continue the tactics of delay if Senators and Representatives are against it.

Overdoing It in Sports

THE business of sports in the United States has become an enormous investment proposition. Millions of dollars are tied up in stadia at colleges, in professional baseball fields, and in such buildings as the new Madison Square Garden in New York City. Many educators view with alarm the increase in athletic equipment investment in the colleges, arguing that with enormous plants like those at Harvard, Yale, Princeton, the University of Illinois and other universities the craze for winners—football teams that wade through the toughest opposition, baseball and track and basketball teams that can mow down the other fellows—leads to unsportsmanlike acts, such as proselytizing in high schools and bringing pressure to bear on professors to give passing grades to athletes who haven't made good in classroom work.

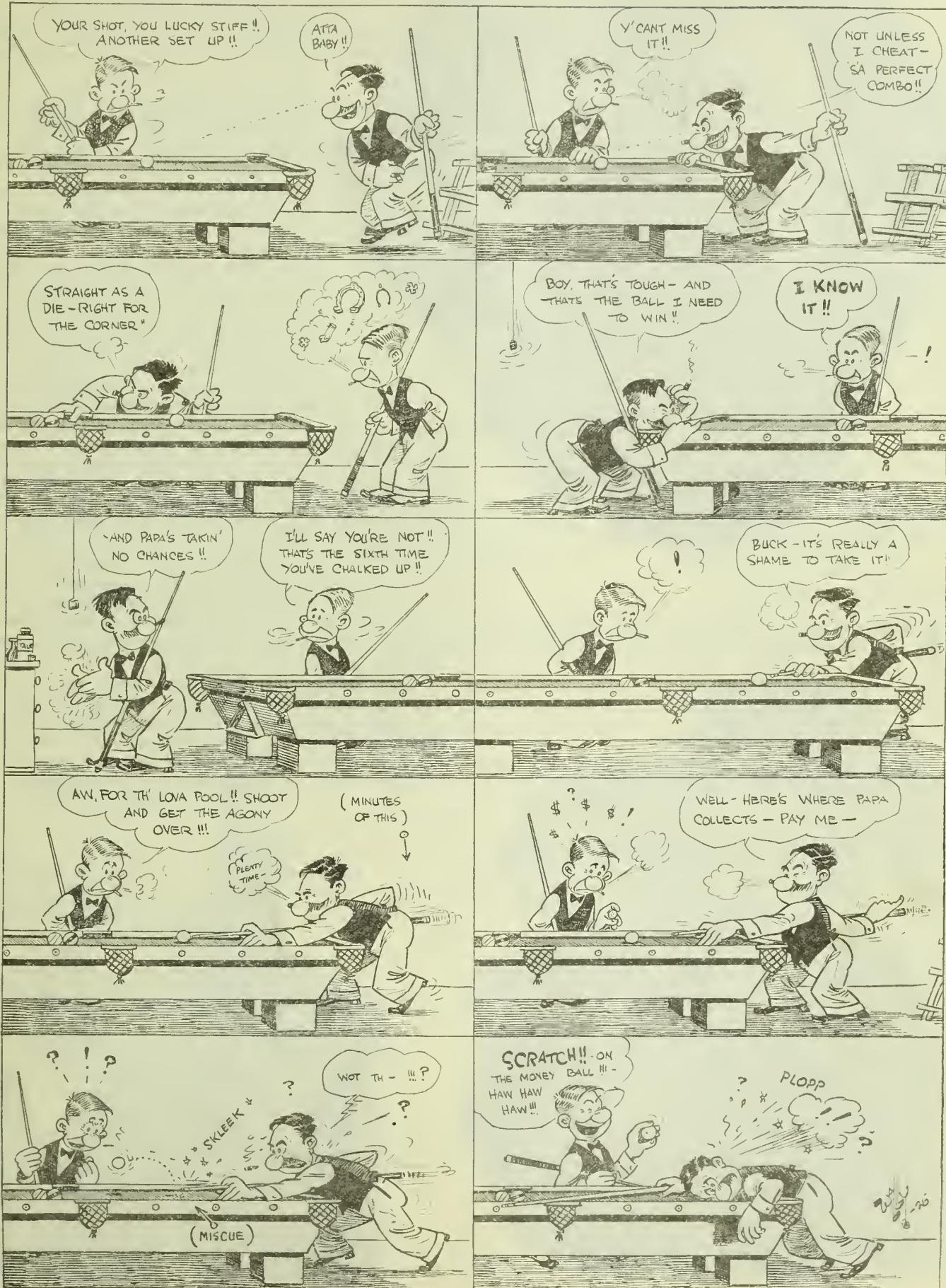
There is no doubt that many colleges have found themselves in the situation where the tail of athletics waved the dog of culture. Alumni are perverse creatures. They glorify winning athletic teams. They have no patience with losers. They bring pressure to bear on the college trustees and administrative officers. They insist on a hearing, and as they provide the money for the always necessary extensions of endowment, they usually get what they want. The coach that has set the athletic world afire at Guzwump College becomes the Blahbah coach at twice the salary he has been receiving, and Guzwump has to go into the open market and get another super-coach, as the interest on the money yet owed on the stadium is high, and only winning teams can provide that money.

Nobody wants college students to play their football games in an open field with ropes stretched about the playing surface to keep the crowds back. We've passed that stage, and don't want to return to it. But let's have athletics for the many rather than for the few, and if it is necessary to pay huge salaries to coaches, let part of the revenue from sports go toward raising the salaries of professors. Unless a change in spirit is effected, the time is coming when speeches like this will be common at college football rallies:

Men of Cuckoo College, you have heard prexy say that Cuckoo is going to win tomorrow's game because our team has practiced faithfully. You know that's all applesauce. You know we're going to win that game tomorrow because old Phil Boost of the '04 team thought enough of his Alma Mater to pay for the best coach in the United States, and because Jim Person of the '07 team scoured the country for the finest backfield men in the prep schools and paid them to come here. That's why we're going to win. And because we've got the best team ever put together on any gridiron we're going to have a new stadium next year that will cost more than half a million. Cuckoo is out of the dub class, and prexy will be surprised next year when he finds three times as many fellows trying to get into this college as can be accommodated. And don't think the alumni on the athletic board won't tell him why those new students are coming here, too.

The Shot That Couldn't Be Missed

By Wallgren



STATE H

A S



To Every Legionnaire:

THE programs and policies of The American Legion are determined by our National Conventions. The Omaha Convention directed that in 1926 we concentrate our energies on membership. To me, and likewise to you, that is a mandate. I am devoting my time and energy to the accomplishment of this task. I am carrying out your wishes and ask your help.

The campaign inaugurated in compliance with this mandate is progressing. We are making some gains over last

A quiet moment at National Headquarters. Commander McQuigg telling Miss Mary McSkimmon, President of the National Education Association, that Legion posts everywhere will help the schools observe American Education Week

At Omaha a moment after his election, Commander McQuigg heard from James A. Drain, retiring commander, a few things about the job ahead

year, but to reach the goal set—that is, the largest membership in the history of the Legion—will require all our reserves and every ounce of energy we have.

Don't waste any time comparing your present membership with your membership at this time last year. The real goal this year is that fixed by National Headquarters. Your state quota was sent to your Department headquarters several months ago and post quotas have, no doubt, been assigned by your department commander. If you do not know what your post quota is, ask your post commander. It is the quota assigned to departments and by departments to posts that we must have if we are to win this battle. It will take work, work, work, but the results will be magnificent. I appeal to you to do everything you possibly can to bring your post up on the line of posts that are leading in your department. I know you want to be up with the leaders in this mighty advance.

Insofar as your National Commander can control it, this 1926 membership campaign is going to continue without any "cease fire" until the quotas are reached, if it takes all summer. If your local campaign is not driving through, reorganize it and put more pep and ginger into it.

Your National Headquarters has issued and supplied to your department headquarters in quantities, a membership campaign manual which is being used with great success by thousands of posts throughout the country. If your post does not have one, telegraph your department headquarters at once for a copy and then reorganize your campaign.



On the Washington front. Soon after he became National Commander, Mr. McQuigg called on President Coolidge in the White House and discussed with him legislation the Legion asks on behalf of disabled service men and their dependents



HONOR and PRIDE are at STAKE

Statement by the National Commander

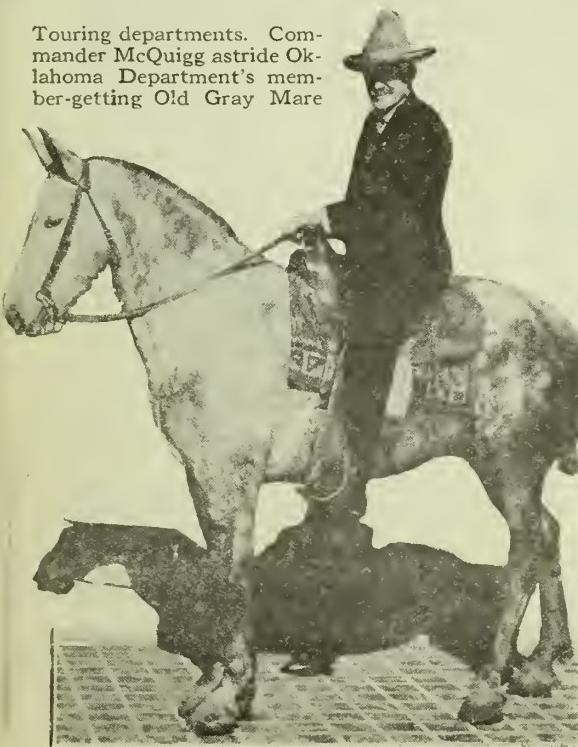
Your National Commander has already visited twenty-eight departments from Maine to California. He has spoken to state legislatures, to chambers of commerce, press clubs, civic clubs, schools, colleges, churches, vast popular audiences and assemblages of service men. Never has there been such public interest in The American Legion and what it is doing. Our organization is now getting more favorable publicity and less criticism than at any time in its history. Our Endowment Fund and our stand for world peace and reasonable national defense have struck a popular chord as is evidenced by the great demonstrations that greet your National Commander whenever he touches on these subjects.

There never was a better time to get men into the Legion than now. Hundreds of thousands of former service men are waiting to be asked to join. It is a matter of establishing personal contact, presenting the reasons why men should become members and signing them up. The proposed trip to France next year is interesting tens of thousands of service men and when thoroughly explained, will lead to a large increase in membership. Remember that to be eligible to take this trip, you must be a Legionnaire in both 1926 and 1927.

Your National Commander expects every department not only to make a gain but a large gain. A few hundred increase in each State won't do the job. We must show a large gain in every one of the fifty-seven departments. We hope not a single department, State, territory or district will slow down on the job or suffer a membership loss.

State honor and state pride are now at stake. Some departments have already gone far toward the 1926 membership quotas set for them. Florida and Wyoming have exceeded the quotas fixed by National Headquarters and are still going strong. Idaho, Oklahoma, Kansas, Oregon, Vermont, West Virginia, North Dakota and Arizona are all

Touring departments. Commander McQuigg astride Oklahoma Department's member-getting Old Gray Mare



within striking distance of their respective quotas and will reach them within a short time.

The thickly populated States, with their big city problems, have a difficult task, but they are winning. Each of them is ahead of the number of members it had at this time last year. Of the larger departments, Illinois is leading.

Another thing we must not lose sight of—the whole country knows this campaign is on, and we must make a large gain or suffer a loss of prestige and power in the Nation. On the other hand, a good gain will strengthen our position, increase our power for good and enhance our standing. The success of the campaign is vital to the future of the Legion.

In this great Legion battle, as in the battles of war, the real fighting must be done by the men in the ranks. You are the men who win the victories. National Headquarters can only send forward the ammunition and co-ordinate your operations. I know you will give us the best you have, and I ask you to put your best effort into the campaign.

These two children, Legion proteges, helped Commander McQuigg explain the Legion's child welfare program at a Chamber of Commerce luncheon in Rochester, N. Y.



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U. & U. Photos.

The illustration pictures the take-off of the winning flight and in the insert is the radio equipment carried. (Burgess 'A', 'B' and 'C' Batteries furnished the electrical energy to operate the set.)

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Almost every day from somewhere in the world news comes to us of new Burgess adventures.

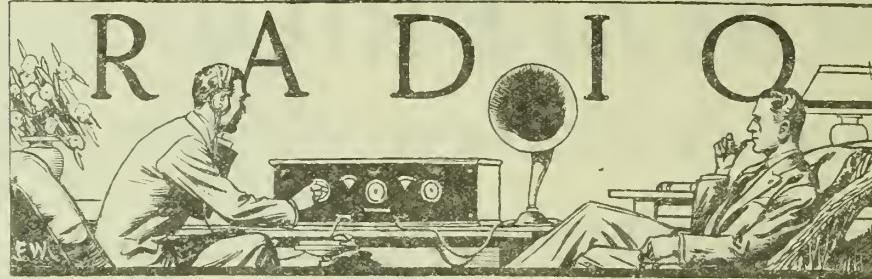
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Your own radio dealer down the street sells Burgess Batteries. He probably sells the famous Burgess Flashlights, too.

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AFTER a gap of almost a month in the schedule of official radio programs of Legion departments, the Department of North Dakota will go on the air on April 18. Other departments are now planning programs and the Radio Editor is awaiting final advices before publishing announcements. The North Dakota program will be the first "matinee" entertainment offered in the schedule. Musical numbers, a short talk on Legion activities by Department Adjutant Jack Williams, and a speech by Ted Hoverson, director of the local office of the U. S. Veterans Bureau, will comprise the entertainment which will go on the air from Station WDAY (261 meters), Fargo, from 4 to 6 p. m. L. W. Hamm, Department Radio Publicity Chairman, explains that the daylight hours were chosen to avoid a great deal of interference on the wave length of the station used during the evening hours.

THE first official department radio program from the New England section of the country will be heard

Judge Kenesaw Mountain Landis and William Wrigley, Jr., pose with the microphone of Station FKWO, owned and operated by Legionnaire Lawrence Mott of Avalon, Catalina Island, Calif.

Post, from which Legion news is broadcast each evening, Comrade Mott had two distinguished guests give talks through his microphone, Judge Kenesaw Mountain Landis, and William Wrigley, Jr., owner of Catalina Island and of the Chicago Cubs.

ON THE AIR

Brief announcements of radio programs to be broadcast by Legion posts will be published in this department. Notices of proposed programs should be sent to the Weekly at least four weeks in advance of date of broadcasting. Be sure to give the wave length.

Legion programs will be broadcast through Station WMAQ (447.5 meters), Chicago, Illinois, every day at 2 p. m., Central Time, during the week of April 17, from the Women's Fair, in which the American Legion Auxiliary is participating.

DEPARTMENT OF NORTH DAKOTA will broadcast its official Legion program from Station WDAY (261 meters), Fargo, April 18 from 4 to 6 p. m.

FORT WAYNE (INDIANA) Post will broadcast a Legion program from Station WOWO (227 meters), April 19, from 8:15 to 10:15 p. m., Central Time.

DEPARTMENT OF RHODE ISLAND will broadcast

its official Legion program from Station WEAN (270 meters), Providence, April 22, beginning at 7:30 p. m., Eastern Time.

DEPARTMENT OF NEW MEXICO will broadcast special program of music and addresses on April 23rd, 7:30 to 8:30, Mountain Time, from Station KOB (348.6 meters). The program will be given under the auspices of Joe Quesenberry Post of Las Cruces, N. M.

OKLAHOMA RADIO Post broadcasts a special program for hospitalized veterans from Station KJF (261 meters), every Sunday at 3 p. m., Central Time.

ROBERT E. BENTLEY Post, Cincinnati, Ohio, broadcasts a program every Monday night from 9 to 10 p. m., Central Time, from Station WKRC (422 meters).

CAPTAIN BELVIDERE BROOKS Post, New York City, is on the air every Monday night from Station WFBH (272.6 meters), at 6 o'clock, Eastern Time.

FIDAC'S Work for World Peace

(Continued from page 6)

fact. Disarmament must proceed by concert among all of the nations. Every country must in the last analysis be the judge of the defensive organization which is best calculated to preserve its peace and integrity. If more than reasonably is needed be maintained, sooner or later suspicion will fasten upon that country. Suspicion and fear are the forerunners of hatred and war.

The second factor working toward peace is the growing influence of public opinion. Regardless of the names which the various forms of government go by, the civilized world today is really a collection of democracies in which public opinion—the ideas of the mass—are coming to rule the destinies of mankind. This is the most significant social and political development of recent history. There was a time when people scoffed at the idea of two persons who disagreed settling their differences except with a couple of hatchets. But the idea grew that the best hatchet wielder or the man with the toughest skull might not always be in the right. The public opinion of tribes and communities demanded a change. They set up rude forms for law and order, and these became the basis of nations.

It is but a logical step along the ways of progress to do away with the practice of nations falling on each other with hatchets to settle disputes. Public opinion has enlarged the scope of its influence. Where once it controlled communities and tribes, now it controls nations. Public opinion is definitely set against nations whacking one another on the skull as a means of settling grievances, because it realizes now that on this theory the nation which can whack the most skilfully is, solely by virtue of that fact, in the right, and the nation which whacks less skilfully is in the wrong and deserving only of humiliation and defeat. This state of affairs marks a definite stage in our advance toward world peace. One of the obstacles, however, which deters this advance from proceeding straight to the goal of all hopes, is lack of leadership. Most of the statesmen of the world today have been trained in the old school of international relations. However devoted to the ideals of peace they may be as individuals they seem incapable of uniting with their colleagues in other countries so as to effect the desired end. The old school of statesmanship in which they learned their lessons was all against that sort of thing.

At the beginning of this article I referred to one of my outstanding impressions of the FIDAC congress held in New Orleans four years ago. Equally impressive in my memory are the events of the sixth annual congress of FIDAC held in Rome last September. The congress in Rome was especially notable from an American viewpoint because this congress followed a year of FIDAC effort under American leadership. Thomas W. Miller of Wilmington, Delaware, President of FIDAC in 1925, had won generous recognition

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Safe → Accept only "Bayer" package which contains proven directions.

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*A signal of trouble —
tender and bleeding gums*



Forhan's FOR THE GUMS

BRUSH YOUR TEETH
WITH IT

FORMULA OF

R.J. Forhan, D.D.S.

NEW YORK CITY
SPECIALIST IN
DISEASES OF THE MOUTH

PREPARED FOR THE
PRESCRIPTION OF THE
DENTAL PROFESSION

Forhan's FOR THE GUMS

AS the soil nourishes the trees, so the gums nourish the teeth. And as the tree decays if you bare the tree-roots, so do the teeth decay if the gums shrink down from the tooth-base.

This condition is common. It is known as Pyorrhoea. Four out of five people who are over forty suffer from it. Ordinary tooth-pastes will not prevent it.

Forhan's Preparation does prevent it if used in time and used consistently. So Forhan's protects the tooth at the tooth-base which is unprotected by enamel.

On top of this Forhan's preserves gums in their pink, normal, vital condition. Used daily and their firmed tissue-structure will vigorously support the teeth. They will not loosen. Neither will the mouth prematurely flatten through receding gums. Further, your gums will neither tender-up nor bleed.

Gums and teeth alike will be sounder, and your teeth will be scientifically polished, too.

If gum-shrinkage has already set in, start using Forhan's and consult a dentist immediately for special treatment.

In 35c and 60c tubes at all drug-gists in the United States.

Formula of
R. J. Forhan, D. D. S.

FORHAN CO.
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from the member societies of all countries for the efficiency of his administration and the results it had accomplished.

The delegation sent to Rome included prominent Legionnaires who have worked to make the policies and aims of FIDAC effective since the international society was formed. The delegation's chairman was L. R. Gignilliat, Superintendent of Culver Military Academy, Culver, Indiana. Other members included Rev. William P. O'Connor of Cincinnati, Ohio, Past National Chaplain; A. Piatt Andrew, Representative in Congress from Massachusetts; William B. Follett of Winter Park, Florida; Joseph H. Thompson of Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania; Julian M. Thomas of Paris, and H. E. Stewart of Montana. The American delegates to the meeting of the Women's Section of FIDAC were Mrs. Joseph H. Thompson of Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania, and Mrs. Lemuel Bolles of New York City.

The proposals which The American Legion delegation carried to Rome had been worked out after long study not only by the members of the delegation but also by such outstanding Legionnaires in FIDAC affairs as H. Nelson Jackson of Burlington, Vermont, chairman of the Legion's Peace and Foreign Relations Committee and the first American vice-president of the FIDAC, and Roy Hoffman of Oklahoma City, Oklahoma, vice-president of the FIDAC in 1925.

The Rome Congress unanimously approved the most important proposal submitted by the American delegation, a program for the education of the youth of all countries as a means of promoting international friendship and eliminating the petty hatreds which threaten the peace of the world. This program calls for the observance of Armistice Day, November 11th, as a legal holiday in all countries, with programs stressing international tolerance.

The FIDAC shall arrange an annual essay contest in each country upon an appropriate subject among students in higher schools and colleges. Each member country shall make available to the FIDAC for award not less than one scholarship for each member country in a standard college or university of that country, each scholarship to include tuition for the full course, traveling expenses to and from the home of the winner and a reasonable allowance for living expenses. Each student to whom a scholarship is given shall obligate himself to deliver on his return to his home country a series of talks to school children on his experiences in the country in which he has studied.

An additional feature of the program approved is the exchange of letters among the school children of all countries represented in FIDAC.

As an outgrowth of discussions at the Rome Congress, the Peace and Foreign Relations Committee of The American Legion is preparing a study of the National Soldiers' Home for submission to the FIDAC, which is trying to have other countries adopt some such system as the one in the United States. A study of the plans for the care of American war orphans will also be submitted to the FIDAC.

The Rome Congress was memorable for the picturesqueness of its ceremonies. The first gathering of the Con-

gress was in the historic hall of the ancient capitol of the Roman emperors and was attended by Italy's Premier, Benito Mussolini.

The Congress designated Warsaw, Poland, as the city in which the FIDAC Congress will be held in 1926. Eight countries in addition to our own are represented by the service men's societies in FIDAC.

The Interallied Veterans Federation is a new school in public leadership. The leaders of veterans' affairs today will be the leaders of national affairs tomorrow. In Rome last fall I saw associated on the conference floor and sitting about committee tables Marcel Heraud of France, J. Brunel-Cohen of Great Britain, Luigi Russo of Italy and Piatt Andrew of the United States. There were many others, of course, but those names come to mind. They were working earnestly together over FIDAC problems, over ways and means of uniting the sentiment of five million World War veterans of nine nations behind a program for world peace and for other things. Well, Heraud is in the French Chamber of Deputies. I read the other day where he made a speech. Brunel-Cohen is in the British House of Parliament. Russo is in the Italian Chamber of Deputies and Andrew is in the House of Representatives in Washington.

You grasp my meaning? There are many Herauds and Brunel-Cohens and Russos and Andrews, and there will be more of them every year. In days to come they and their colleagues will advance to positions of great responsibility in their respective countries. They will meet about council tables again, discussing again the great problems of peace. Will they have changed since they sat together as delegates of the FIDAC? Will the sentiments of their constituents have changed? I think not. Will the great cause of world peace benefit by that situation? I think it will. I confidently believe that this generation will see the dream of centuries come close to realization, and when a future historian comes dispassionately to examine and reckon up the contributing forces and factors, peculiar credit will be bestowed upon this international union of war veterans which is now serving the world as a new and needed school of national leadership which marches toward the abolition of the hatchet theory of composing difficulties between the nations of the earth.

OUTFIT REUNIONS

Announcements for this department must be received three weeks in advance of the events with which they are concerned.

Co. D, 112TH ENG. (37th Div.)—Seventh annual reunion at Hotel Olmsted, Cleveland, O., 7 p. m., Apr. 17. Address R. F. Read, 1413 E. 82d St., Cleveland.

CAMP MERRITT BAND and PORT OF EMBARKATION BAND NO. 1—Members of these units interested in proposed reunion during Legion National Convention at Philadelphia, Pa., Oct. 11-15, address Fred W. Wiethuechter, 2526 North Market St., St. Louis, Mo.

EVACUATION HOSPITAL 11—To complete roster and make plans for reunion at Allentown, Pa., during Legion National Convention in Philadelphia, Oct. 11-15, former members of this outfit (including nurses) address Paul E. Brown, c/o Brown's Drug Store, Greensburg, Pa.

BASE HOSP. 119, A. E. F.—To complete roster, former members of this outfit address Chester D. Holman, Byron H. Mehl Post, A. L., Leavenworth, Kas.

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FRAUD

(Continued from page 5)

each time anyone passed his compartment in the corridor. There was bustle on the platform at Limoges. As the engine jerked ahead, a tall American and a short Frenchman poked their heads into the compartment.

"Here he is!" the American exclaimed.

The pair rolled back the door and crowded in. Flint sat up angrily at their disturbance and rubbed his eyes. The American was a big, muscular individual with reddish hair touched with gray, a man above forty who had apparently lived much of his life in the open. The Frenchman, short as Flint himself, nervous, black eyed, addressed him.

"You Samuel Flint?" he demanded in English.

The antique buyer let his right hand drop toward his pocket and then reached upward with his left to his open coat front. The American's eyes took in the motion.

"No gun play!" he warned. "We are of the police."

"Police!" exclaimed Samuel Flint.

He crouched back nervously in his seat. The two strangers rolled shut the door.

"We are officers from Limoges," his fellow countryman said quietly. "A wire came just now from Perigueux. You were seen breaking into the museum tonight. One of the cases was smashed. You took a valuable necklace. Where is it now?"

"Where is it now?" the Frenchman echoed.

Samuel Flint wiped the sweat from his face. Broke in? Case smashed? The chain from the museum? Fright settled frostily on his head. He understood suddenly. He had bought stolen property from that Dutchman, which is no light crime in France. He had it on him. And these men charged him with stealing it.

"I don't understand," he protested.

"Hand it over." The American leaned forward, so close that Flint could see the veins in his nose, even under the green shaded lamp. "We've an open and shut case, stranger. You're positively identified. All the evidence we need. Where's the chain?"

Flint gulped.

"Let's see your credentials?" he countered.

"Let's see the necklace!" The tall American's voice became conciliatory. He leaned down toward the buyer's ear: "I don't want to have to turn you in," he suggested. "I'm an American myself, just working over here. Return the necklace and pay us for our trouble . . . my partner and I will let you go."

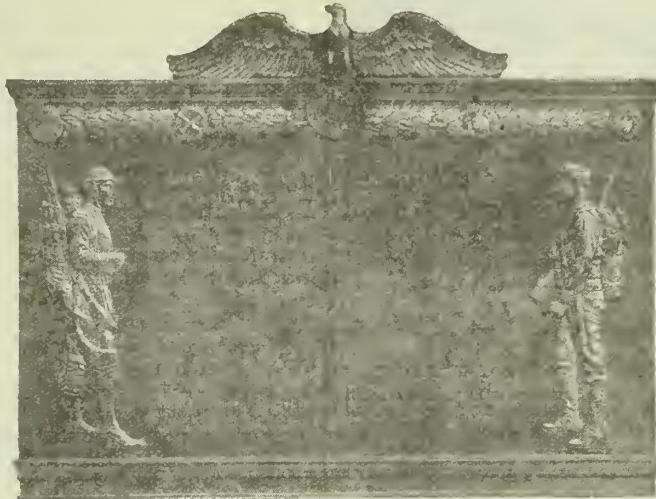
"How much money?" Flint angled for time.

"A hundred thousand francs."

"Hundred thousand!"

"Not a cent less!"

Samuel Flint puckered up his eyebrows and stared suspiciously. It occurred to him suddenly that these men looked not at all like any police he ever had seen. This might be a hold-up, a plain hold-up. The chain around his neck . . . had it actually been stolen? Were these fellows in league with the man who sold it? He



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TO permanently record the bravery and sacrifice of those who served in the World War—the beauty and durability of a cast bronze tablet makes it a fitting and appropriate tribute to those whose glorious service we must never forget.

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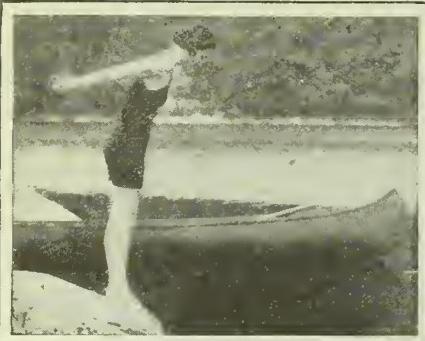
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breathed convulsively and the bag with the Roman necklace thumped against his chest. The train squealed around a curve. Other passengers in the car, curled up in other first class compartments, were asleep, Flint was well aware. He could expect no help there. His only chance lay in holding these fellows off till they got to Orleans . . .

"Hurry!" bade the tall American.

The Frenchman leaned forward. Flint slid out of his seat as the little man's arm reached toward him and grasped his pocket. The tall American, smiling, clamped his right hand upon the buyer's shoulder. Flint thrashed against the outside door of the compartment. The three struggled a moment.

"Here, by a cord around his neck!" the Frenchman cried.

Samuel Flint fought excitedly, his back against the outside door. He felt its handle poke into his ribs, felt its catch slip, the door swing out, felt himself fling backward into the roaring night, tumbling toward the rails and the pounding wheels.

In the compartment Dan Lark, criminal extraordinary, exclaimed in astonishment at his French helper, swore twice, and sat down.

"Well," he sighed, "he's probably dead, poor beggar! Too bad that a man should pay so high for being a fool! Fancy . . . falling out the door! And the necklace still on him and a hundred thousand or so in travelers' checks . . ."

"But we got the first hundred thousand!"

"Which only stirs up my appetite, Morell. I'm a greedy devil!"

* * * * *

The news came to Christopher Dean at his office in the Palais de Justice from three sources. And all at the same time. He read two telegrams, heard what one excited man had to say, and rushed headlong into the private cubbyhole where his chief, Inspector Lacarte, was smoking cigarettes and studying finger prints.

"Read that!" Dean pushed a blue telegraph message across the desk, which was tidy and dusted, it being early in the morning. Lacarte put on his spectacles.

"Body of American bearing identification of S. Flint, New York, discovered beside P-O railway tracks south of Orleans by track workers today. In sack around neck valuable antique chain. Revolver in pocket. Suspect assassins."

The message was signed by the chief of the gendarmerie post at Orleans.

"And this!" Dean dropped the second message upon the table.

It was dated from Perigueux. The chief of police of that city notified the Paris office that the "Caesar necklace," value a million francs, had been stolen the evening before from the museum. He concluded by saying that it had been admired during the afternoon by an American who called himself "Flint" and a German named "Hauser." And that still a third American, whom he described as tall, with red hair touched with gray, had examined the necklace carefully just before the museum closed for the night.

"And in my office right now is a fellow named Ziegler," Dean went on. "Flint was his partner. He got a wire from him last night, saying he was

starting for Paris with a treasure. When Flint did not appear this morning he telegraphed Perigueux. When he got his reply, he hurried here."

Inspector Lacarte tapped the desk with his pen, glowered at the blotter and moved his lips.

"Red hair turning gray. Tall. American," he repeated. "Remind you, maybe, of . . ."

"Of Lark!" exploded Christopher Dean.

Inspector Lacarte nodded.

"Bring in the gentleman Ziegler," he directed.

Samuel Flint's partner was a large man, florid, over-fed, over-dressed, over-manicured. Just now much of the color had drained from his face and his plump hands twitched every time he suffered himself to remove them from his pockets. He told the story, or what he knew of it, with extreme brevity, in an office where explanations usually are dramatic and long drawn out. Lacarte had stepped to the wall and was fingering the map.

"Here it is . . . Mussidan . . . a small place. That's where they lured your Mr. Flint, Mr. Ziegler. The British explorer with the red nose was a blackguard named Crewe. And the German (a Hollander he is, monsieur) his name is Proot, not Hauser. Lark is in the background. Your case, Dean. Come, Monsieur Ziegler, sign the *procès verbal*."

Dean looked at the map and thought quickly. Dan Lark would not return to Perigueux, if he had left there; if he hadn't left before, he'd be leaving now. Mussidan? Hardly. Afraid of being trailed there.

He crossed nervously to the window. Paris bobbed its umbrellas along crowded, narrow sidewalks. A gray mist hung between gray walls. The city was busy shopping; what matter who was found dead beside the tracks at Orleans? Or who had smashed the lock on the museum at Perigueux? Or where Dan Lark was chuckling as he dodged for safety?

The thought angered Dean. Were he and Inspector Lacarte the only men in France to whom Lark mattered? For it was Lark, there was small doubt of that. The tall American with red hair turning gray who visited the museum just before closing time, the audacity of it all . . . Lark! But how came the cursed Caesarian gim-crack on the dead body of Flint by the railway tracks near Orleans? Had Lark stolen it, sold it, and then tried to get it back?

And if he was in so desperate a mood to recover it last night that he left one man dead, would he let it stay out of his hands now? Paris might best warn that gendarme chief at Orleans.

Dean crossed the hall to the telephone room. In five minutes, a remarkably short time for French service, he was shouting at the head of the Orleans gendarmerie, eighty kilometers away. In three minutes more he was thumping savagely on the door of the room below stairs where Lacarte was taking the *procès verbal*.

"Monsieur!" Lacarte swung the door open.

"The chain is gone!" Dean shouted. "A man who claimed that he was Dean of Paris . . . impersonating me . . . me, understand! . . . just walked out

of the Orleans police station with the golden chain and all Flint's belongings!"

"By the sacred cows of Egypt!" panted Inspector Lacarte. "Quick! Dean! Take the police car! Get after him! Bring that troublesome American home to me!"

* * *

Whatever flighty doubts had lingered in Dean's confused mind, as to whether or not Lark was the quarry he was searching, were brushed away at one o'clock that afternoon when he came out of secret conference with the Orleans commander. And Lark was gone, had got clean away. With the Caesar necklace and everything else on the body by the tracks.

"What else?" Dean asked.

"Travelers' checks, a little money . . . monsieur, the identification card seemed perfectly legitimate to me . . . and some keys . . ."

"What keys?"

"Some I did not recognize. House keys, American patterns, small, flat."

"Any you did recognise?"

"Ah, there was one! Had a tag on it. Key to a strong box. From the Hotel Normandie in Paris . . ."

Dean jerked his hat off the table. Through his mind flashed the picture of Dan Lark, suavely strolling across the lobby of Hotel Normandie, climbing the stair, letting himself into the room of the late Samuel Flint, on his knees before the strong box in the wall. He drove out of Orleans in a cloud of white dust, stopped once for gasoline, and drew up in Paris with a steaming radiator one hour and thirty minutes later. Unless Lark, too, had come by car, there might still be time.

He yanked on his brake before Hotel Normandie, ran up the half dozen steps, and rapped impatiently on the desk. The clerk showed no disposition to hurry.

"Vite!" Dean demanded. "The manager! The patron! The owner, by all the saints!"

The manager, who was short, sleek and puffy, raised his eyebrows.

"Monsieur Flint? But yes, he was registered here!"

"His room! Which is his room?" Dean pranced.

"Number 28, on the second floor, monsieur. But why do you wish to know? I can't let you in. You are the second gentleman in half an hour to want to know. The other was heartbroken . . . a brother of Monsieur Flint . . . I must refuse him too."

"Thank you!" Dean stalked toward the entry. Out in the street he hailed a gendarme, spoke quietly into the man's ear, wrote a telephone number on a slip of paper, commanded "Hurry . . . run!" Quickly, this time without consulting the manager, he sought the second floor of Hotel Normandie.

Room number 28 faced the street, the fourth door on the right down the main corridor. Dean strode past along the carpet, turned at the north end of the hall, to make sure no one was hiding behind the partition, slid out of his shoes, and on stocking toes crept back to number 28.

He listened at the crack, breathless. No sound came out of the room. Perhaps it was not Lark who had called in the lobby . . . but it must be! Lark would not be content with only

half the spoils. And when he saw the key to the strong box he guessed that other jewels would be found there . . .

Dean's hand closed on the knob.

A man inside the room coughed. Then a dull clang as the safe door slid shut. Dean turned the knob with his left hand, his right in his pistol pocket. The lock held as he twisted. Letting it go he rapped noisily.

"Who's there?" a voice asked.

"Messenger," Dean answered.

The key turned cautiously and the panel moved an inch. A man's eye appeared at the crack. Before the door could slam Dean was against it, with all his hundred and eighty hard, vigorous pounds.

"Put them up! Up, I say, or by heaven! . . ."

Dean's voice cracked. He flung into the room, advancing roughly on a fat, red faced man. The fellow tripped, retreating backward. With an explosive puff of breath he dropped against the wall, hands over his head, mouth wide open. Proot, it was, Proot the Hollander, who was Dan Lark's right hand man. Dean jabbed his pistol against the Dutchman's heavy ribs.

"I'll kill you, Proot, if you make a sound!" Dean spoke deliberately. Disappointment drenched him. All the triumph of that first second when he leaped at the door was gone. It was not Lark! The room was empty except for the Hollander. He had caught the pawn and let the king go.

"Vot you mean?" the man cried.

"Shut up!" bade Dean. He looked past the Hollander's head. The wall safe, of the type the French call a "Monte Carlo strong box," stood open. On the floor cartons and torn papers littered the carpet. Proot's pockets bulged convincingly.

"Turn around . . . face the wall . . . keep them up," Dean ordered. He jammed the pistol into the prisoner's back. Shifting it to his left hand he rammed his right into Proot's coat pocket, drew out a small automatic, dropped it into his own pocket. His hand traveled quickly over the squat, heavy frame. No other weapons.

"Now your right hand . . . back of you . . . that's it!"

Dean snapped a handcuff on his prisoner's wrist, hesitated a moment, and clicked the other cuff on his own left arm.

"We'll go and see Inspector Lacarte," he said. "Remember, I'd as soon shoot you as breathe, Proot. We're going down stairs to the lobby."

The Dutchman stooped down.

"Got to tie my shoe," he muttered.

Dean tugged quickly. But before he could stop him the prisoner on his wrist had jerked off his low cut shoe and flung it at one of the two windows facing the street. Glass shattered noisily and the sounds of Paris burst into the room.

Dean dragged the man to the window. Passersby had stopped and were staring up curiously at the building. A policeman in mid-traffic twisted his mustache and eyed the window threateningly. And across the street, hurrying away, looking over his shoulder as he went, Dean recognized a large, well set up, well tailored figure. It rounded the corner and disappeared.

"Lark!" Dean exclaimed.

Proot the Dutchman grinned.

"No reason to take us both," he said.

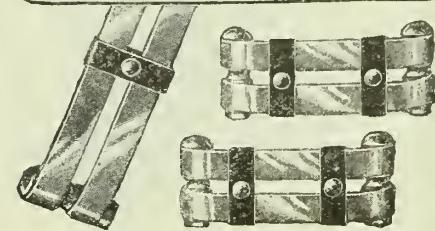
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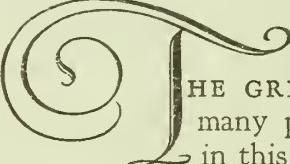
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THE GREAT WAR in all its many phases is to be seen in this wonderful picture—lumbering tanks—murderous machine guns sweeping No-Man's land—poison gas—smoke screens—falling planes and falling men. All the elements of war are to be seen in this never-to-be-forgotten picture. Every man, woman and child should see "THE WORLD WAR." Don't miss it!

"THE WORLD WAR" can be exhibited at your local picture house by or under the auspices of your Post at a handsome profit. In doing so your Post will render a great service to its fellow-townspeople, many of whom have only a vague conception of what the great war really was. Every American Legion Post should arrange for the exhibition of this gripping historical film record of the great war. We will gladly submit our special exhibiting plan without cost or obligation. Just sign the coupon below and mail today!

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GENTLEMEN: Please send me at once a free copy of your exhibiting plan on "THE WORLD WAR." It is to be understood that this in no way will obligate either me or my Post.

Name _____

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I am a member of Post No. _____ Dept. of _____

The Plot That Got Thicker

(Continued from page 7)

Post put on a big initiation—1,200 Legionnaires present—and inducted 275 rookies with full ritual.

There is space here only to enumerate the other stunts in this highly productive campaign, but because they are not dwelt on at length do not pass them over if looking for an idea of your own—there is plenty of inspiration.

At the opening of the membership drive, a "kickoff" dinner was held at which Salvation Army lassies served coffee an'. On the second night a public meeting was held at the local armory to bring in the townsfolk.

Despite competition from local amusements this second night meeting drew out 3,000 veterans of the World and Spanish-American Wars, with disabled men from local hospitals. Plenty of amusement was provided; boxing bouts, Charleston contests by beautiful girls, and other attractions, singing, band music; some talk—but not too much. The boys left the meeting all peped up for the individual solicitation.

Of course the campaign had the right kind of publicity. Jerry Owen's *Pacific Legion* gave a page to the campaign. Local newspapers made "front page" news out of the drive's opening. There were cartoons, editorials and other special mention. The local church pastors responded to the request for brief mention and devoted generous portions of their sermons to recounting of Legion accomplishments and ideals.

The radio, naturally, was used to advantage—the program prepared and given by post members.

The movie houses gladly consented to run a special slide which read as follows: "EX-SERVICE MEN! Your Buddy is in The American Legion. Are you?"

The Portland drive shows the advantage of use of the spectacular in signing new members. It also proves the value of personal solicitation.

Send for This Book

Y

OU can use many methods to obtain new members for the Legion, of course. But the method used by Roosevelt-Aurora Post of Aurora, Illinois, described in the Weekly for March 26th, may be just the method your post ought to use to get best results in its membership campaign. A special pamphlet, outlining the Roosevelt-Aurora plan, may be obtained free of charge. It contains full directions for putting on a membership campaign. Send for the pamphlet today. Simply sign your name and address on the coupon below and mail it to The American Legion News Service, Indianapolis, Indiana.

Name _____

Street _____

City _____

State _____

Help for Men Who Have Helped Themselves

LEAVE us take, for example, the average Legion post in the average American community. With a membership composed of hale and hearty veterans, the post's path of progress is not without its rough places. Membership, as a rule, is a continuing problem, money isn't always available for its comparatively small portion of welfare work, payments may be pending on its clubhouse, and other difficulties may be in the offing. Visualize, then, a post with a membership composed almost entirely of disabled veterans, a post which, notwithstanding this handicap, has worked unceasingly and untiringly for its disabled comrades, and you have in a measure summed up the chief endeavors of Ernest A. Love Post of Prescott, Arizona.

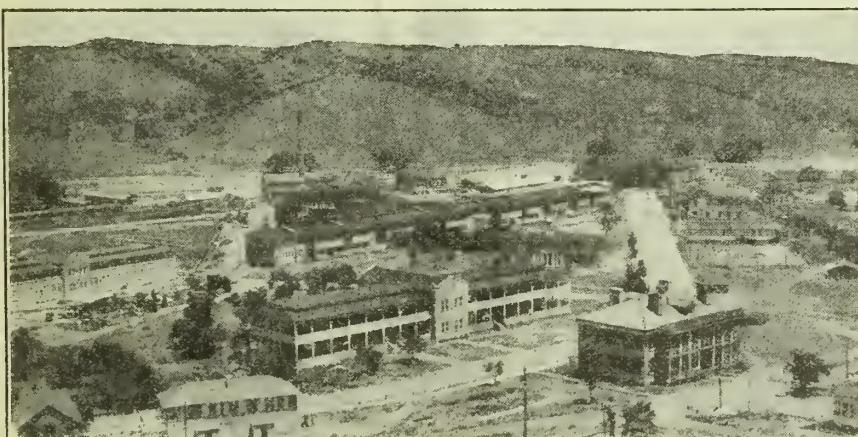
Prescott has a population of only 5,000. Since the end of the war, Prescott has had in addition a floating population of 5,882, representing that many World War veterans who have been patients in U. S. Veterans' Hospital No. 50, located at Whipple Barracks, just on the outskirts of the town. It is from among these disabled veterans that the membership of Ernest A. Love Post is largely drawn. The claims and welfare work of the post has been and is still proportionately great and the accomplishment of this work has meant the expense of time, energy and money and has left the problem of a Legion clubhouse or home, in which healthful diversion might be offered the disabled comrades, unsolved. Such a home is vitally needed.

At present forty Legion departments are represented by patients in the hospital at Whipple Barracks. The generosity of the various department organizations of the Legion and Auxiliary in sending gifts to men from their States at Christmas and at other times during the year, has been demonstrated. Ernest A. Love Post is a live

organization, actively interested in hospital programs, Americanization programs, welfare and community work, legislation for the disabled, and it raised double its quota in the National Endowment Fund campaign in less than three hours. The post feels, however, that the building of a Legion home for the comfort and pleasure of the hospitalized veterans, gathered from practically every State in the Union, is a national problem, to be met nationally.

The request of Ernest A. Love Post to solicit assistance from all Legion posts in the building of a Legion home was filed with the National Executive Committee at its June, 1925, meeting. Permission was granted to the post to ask assistance outside of its immediate district, but in accordance with national policy the National Executive Committee imposed the condition that before funds were solicited from individual posts, the post would have to get permission from the Legion department organization in the States in which solicitation was contemplated. The Seventh National Convention in Omaha passed a resolution "recommending that The American Legion endorse the efforts of Ernest A. Love Post . . . to obtain the erection of a suitable clubhouse at the United States Veterans' Hospital No. 50 at Whipple Barracks, Arizona." The efforts of Ernest A. Love Post in this direction have also received the endorsement of National Commander McQuigg.

Ernest A. Love Post has begun its campaign to obtain funds for its Legion home and has thus far received promises of financial and moral support from twenty-five Legion departments. The good which can be accomplished in this work supplementary to the treatment the men undergo in hospital is incalculable. To help this post is a service that should commend itself to many departments and posts.



Almost six thousand World War veterans have spent varying periods of time in these buildings which constitute a U. S. Veterans Hospital at Whipple Barracks, Arizona. Ernest A. Love Post of Prescott is endeavoring to raise funds among the various Legion departments and posts to construct a Legion home for the comfort and pleasure of these disabled comrades.

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"Due to your well prepared training, I received my appointment eight days after my name was placed on the register."
David W. Tucker.

Bursts and Duds

Payment is made for material for this department. Unavailable manuscript returned only when accompanied by stamped envelope. Address American Legion Weekly, Indianapolis, Ind.

Inducement

"Why did you buy four new shoes for that old car of yours? I thought you hated the sight of it."

"I do. But I'm in hopes now that the auto crooks will take more notice of the darn thing."

Plenty Conversation

"What do you and the wife talk about?"
"How pretty she is and what station to tune into."

Spring Fever

Er, yes—Spring,
Silly old annual thug!
Watery lanes full of weeds and puss-willies.
Florist shops weeping with sweet peas and lilies;
We're thinking of clothes and we're jolly well sad
To part with enough to make smart dress a fad.
Er, yes—Spring,
Silly old annual thing!
Yes, er—showers!
Good enough, likely, for flowers,
But hard on the fellow ou foot, don't you know,
What with the taxis in line, row on row,
And toppling new shoes that will spatter the mud
To make of the fancy gay trousers—a dud!
Violets costly, orchids more so,
All that sort of rot for a maid with a beau.
Er—Spring,
Dash the old thug!

—James A. Sanaker.

Well, That's Settled

[Pottstown (Pa.) Republican]

A daughter was born to Mr. and Mrs. A—C— of Pierce St. This is their child.

Logic

"Hey!" bellowed the cop to the man splashing in the park pond. "Get out of that. You can't swim in there."

"Don't I know it, you darn fool?" yelled back the splasher. "That's why I'm holering for help."

Gluttons for Punishment

[From Kansas City Post]

An explosion of Turkish manufactured products which was opened recently at Constantinople is to continue daily for five years.

Limerix

Here I sit perched up high on a bough;
Perspiration's adorning my brough.

I am perched here this way
'Cause I happened to stray
In the path of a peevish male cough.

—W. T.

There was a young man from Cheyenne,
Bought a bus—sometimes called a tincenne.

It knocked, twisted and bumped,
Shook, shimmied and jumped,
So now he's a wild Charlestou fenne.

—Mrs. H. P.

Reassurance

Willie had reported to teacher that his mother was ill after a general request for information during a smallpox scare. The teacher told him to hurry back home, discover the exact nature of the ailment and

report. Shortly this note arrived from the mother:

"Dear Miss Brown: Don't worry. It's only a boy and that's not contagious."

Thoughtless Man

"Why did Julia shoot her husband?"
"Oh, she was angry because he hadn't paid the premium on his life insurance."

Mixed Foursomes

Christine's hot lips
Are au endearment—
Chews sealing wax
Instead of Spearmint.

—J. C.

Little drops of water
Added to the milk
Make a farmer's daughter's
Dress turn into silk.

—J. A. S.

Making It Plain

"What our town needs," explained the loyal citizen, "is a band."

"But I thought you had one," objected his visiting friend.

"We have!"

A Brilliant Family

[From Farmington (N. H.) News]

Maurice Barber of Tibbetts hill is having electric lights installed in son, a brother and a sister.

A Case of Nerve

"Don't worry," said the dentist. "I always give my patients—ah—something to—ah—quiet their nerves."

"Then what was that fellow in there yelling for?" demanded the skeptical sufferer.

"More!"

Diagnosis

A beggar approached a physician on the street.

"Won't you give me something?" he whined. "I've been starving for two weeks, and I'm so weak I can hardly stand."

"It must be something you've eaten," replied the medico absently.

The Usual Routine

"Now, what's the easiest way to ship this shipment of silks over the border?" mused a Canadian smuggler.

"I've got it!" cried his companion. "We'll disguise it as a load of booze."

The Life of the Party

"So your club had a secret session today?" asked Mr. Budd.

"Yes," replied his wife, "and I told the best one of all."

Legalized Intoxication

[Heading in Pittsburgh Chronicle-Telegraph]

Revoke Licenses of Local Men—Calvin P. Stouch and John Benesh Lose Permits for Intoxication.

Taking No Chances

"I've always heard a lot of stories about the Scotch not wanting to part with their money," remarked an undertaker, "but I never believed them till Sandy McKirk decided he was going to die and came to me to make arrangements."

"What was there about that to change your mind?" asked a friend.

"Sandy insisted on a shroud with a pocket in it."

A Compromise

"Sam," asked Mose, "would you rather be right than president?"

"Hmm-mm," meditated Sam. "Nossuh! Ah'd rather be half right an' vice-president."

Proverb Illustrated

He bought him a second-hand motor car,
He hated like blazes to spend.
He repaired till the rise of the morning star,

"For it's never too late to mend."

—J. P. R.

Modern Version

A toast, dear heart. I drink to thee,
Through long years not forgotten,
And trust you oftentimes think of me—
Good Lord! This liquor's rotten!

—Vance C. Criss.

Good Argument

"John, how can you bear to sit and read the paper so long?"

"What did you want, dear?"

"I want the paper."



CLOTHES NEXT

Public censors for private parties

Stop Foot Pains

in 10 minutes this new scientific way—or pay nothing

Science has found the source of foot and leg pains. Now we banish them in 10 minutes or do not accept a penny. Tired, aching or burning feet are quickly relieved. That dull, tired ache in the calf of the leg, knee or thigh so often diagnosed as rheumatism, disappears. Aches or pains in the heel, instep or forward part of the foot, as well as the ankle, calf and knee are quickly overcome. Cramped toes, callouses and tenderness beneath the instep are promptly relieved. Sharp pains, when stepping on uneven surfaces, are stopped. Shoes cease to feel uncomfortable. That tired "broken-down" feeling vanishes. *We urge you to make the amazing 10-minute test explained here.*

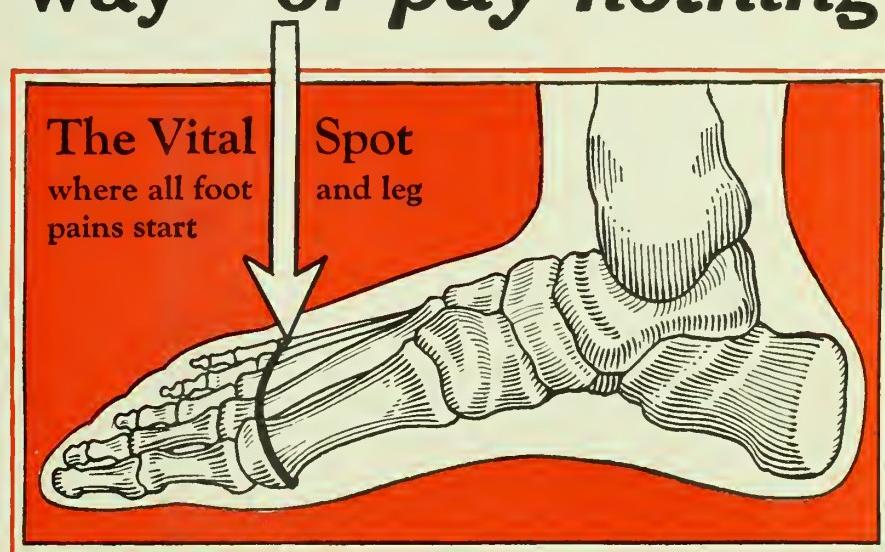
AT LAST the medical world has discovered the actual source of practically all foot troubles. It has proved that 99 in every 100 foot and leg pains are caused by the weakening of the set of muscles in the forward part of the foot. By assisting these muscles pains vanish like magic. Long standing troubles are permanently remedied. New troubles that may become serious are quickly stopped.

Now we ask you to make a simple and amazing test that specialists everywhere are urging. Free if it fails. And if it ends pains instantly, as millions know it will, you pay but a few cents. Do not delay another day in letting this discovery prove its powers.

No rigid plates. You wear the most stylish shoes

Difficult as foot troubles might seem to correct, science offers you a simple, yet astonishingly effective, remedy. A thin, strong, super-elastic band is provided, known as the Jung Arch Brace. The secret of its success lies in its correct tension, in its scientific contour and design. It is as natural in its action as the muscles themselves. It is so light and easy to wear you do not realize you have it on.

You may discard forever stiff arch props, metal plates, bunglesome pads. For at best rigid supports merely offer temporary relief and tend to further weaken the muscles by supplanting their natural functions. But this soft, pliable band can soon be discarded entirely, so quickly does it do its work. And from



the instant you slip it on you can dance, run, or stand without the slightest twinge of pain.

No need now to wear high-priced unfashionable arch support shoes so easily detected by others. The Jung Arch Brace may be worn with the newest and most stylish shoes—with the sheerest hose.

Make this amazing 10-minute test

No matter what appliances you have tried—no matter how impossible your case may seem—make this simple test today. 2,000,000 people say it performs miracles.

Go to any druggist, shoe dealer or chiropodist and be fitted with a pair of Jung Arch Braces. Make this free test. If not delighted with the instant and lasting relief, take them back and every penny will be returned.

If your dealer hasn't them, we will supply you. Send us measurement of foot taken with a half-inch strip of paper around the smallest part of your instep, where the forward edge of the brace is shown in the circle diagram, or size and width of shoe.

We will immediately send you a pair of Jung's Arch Braces ("Wonder" Style). Pay the postman \$1 and postage.

For people having long or thick feet, for stout people, or in severe cases, we recommend our "Miracle" Style, extra wide, \$1.50. Wear them two weeks. If not delighted, we will send every penny back immediately.

How Jung Arch Braces correct causes of foot and leg pains



Write for this free booklet

Write to us for our free book, illustrated with X-Ray views of feet. Tells all about the cause and correction of foot troubles. How to stop foot and leg pains.

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THE JUNG ARCH BRACE CO.,
314 Jung Building, Cincinnati, Ohio.

Please send me a pair of Jung Arch Braces in style checked.

- Wonder Style, \$1.00
 Miracle, \$1.50

I will pay postman the above price and postage. My money to be returned if not satisfied. I enclose foot measurement.

Name

Address

P. O. State
Postage prepaid if cash accompanies coupon

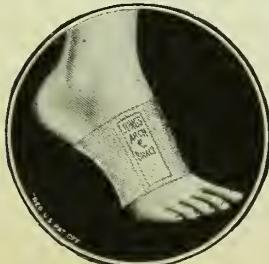
JUNG'S
The "Original"
ARCH BRACES

End Foot Pains in 10 Minutes

THE JUNG ARCH BRACE CO., 314 Jung Bldg., Cincinnati, O.

Canada: Kirkham & Roberts, Pacific Building, Toronto.

Canadian prices: Wonder \$1.25; Miracle \$1.75



When you and spring
are thrilling to the first ball game of
the year—and your favorite player
drives out a homer—when the
stands rise, roaring with cheers
—have a Camel!

WHEN spring's first ball game is here. And a heavy hitter cracks the ball, shrieking into center-field for a home run—oh, happy mortal, as the stands roar with glee—have a Camel!

For Camel adds the magic of its own fragrance to life's most festive days. Camels are of such choice tobaccos that they never tire the taste. Camels are so skilfully made that they never leave a cigarettey after-taste. Spend what you may—you'll get more pleasure out of Camels than any other cigarette you ever put a match to.

So this fair spring day as the bases fill and a hefty batter lofts out one that it seems will never stop flying—oh, then, taste the smoke that means completed enchantment. Know then the mellowest flavor that ever came from a cigarette.

Have a Camel!



Camels contain the very choicest tobaccos grown in all the world. Camels are blended by the world's most expert blenders. Nothing is too good for Camels. In the making of this one brand we concentrate the tobacco knowledge and skill of the largest organization of tobacco experts in the world. No other cigarette made is like Camels. They are the overwhelming choice of experienced smokers.



Our highest wish, if you do not yet know Camel quality, is that you try them. We invite you to compare Camels with any other cigarette made at any price.

R. J. Reynolds Tobacco Company

